

SELECT
Musical Ayres
AND
DIALOGUES,
In Three BOOKES.

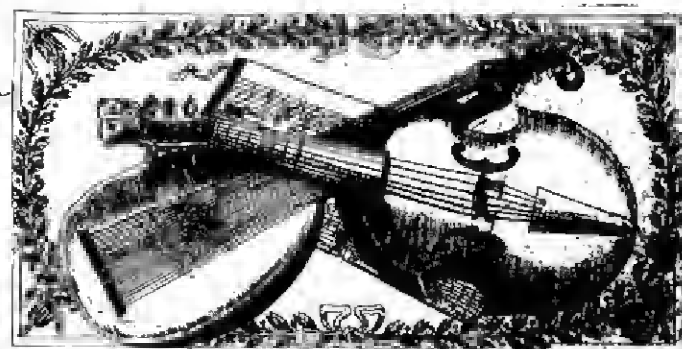
First Book, contains *AYRES* for a Voyce alone to the
Theorbo, or Bass Viol.

Second Book, contains Choice *DIALOGUES* for two Voyces to the
Theorbo or Bass Viol.

Third Book, contains Short *AYRES* or *SONGS* for three Voyces,
so Composed, as they may either be sung by a Voyce alone,
to an Instrument, or by two or three Voyces.

Composed by these severall Excellent Masters in Musick, Viz,

Dr. John Wilson,	Mr. Nicholas Lanneare,
Dr. Charles Colman,	Mr. William Smeyergill
Mr. Henry Lawes,	alias Caesar,
Mr. William Lawes,	Mr. Edward Colman,
Mr. William Webb,	Mr. Jeremy Savile. ✕

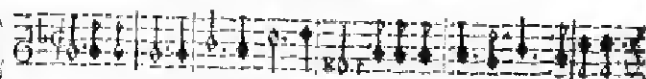


LONDON,

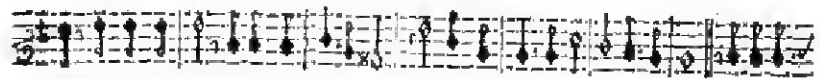
Printed by T. H. for John Playford, and are to be sold at his Shop, in the Inner
Temple, neare the Church doore, 1653.

✕ also
Mr Charles
Mr John Taylor
Mr Tho. Brewer
Mr Warner
Mr Miller Tompkins.

Sele Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.



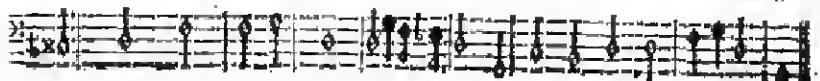
The hermit page in penfive place obfcure, I mean to fpend my days of endleffe



doubt, to wail fuch woes as time cannot cure, where none but love fhall ever find me out. And at my



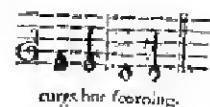
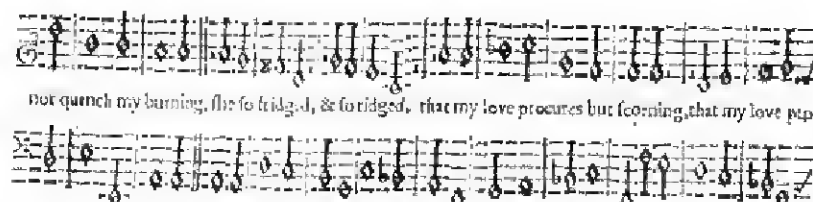
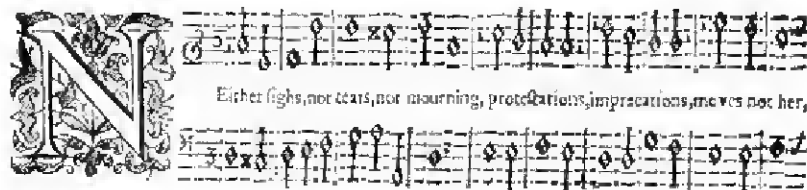
gates, and at my gates defpair fhall linger fhil, as let in death, to let in death when love and fortune will.



Mr. Rich Langley

A Gown of gray my body fhall attire,
My ftaffe of broken hope whereon I'll ftray,
Of late repentance linkt with long defire,
The Couch is fram'd whereon my limbs I lay.
And at my gates, &c.

My food fhall be of care and forrow made,
My drink nought elfe but tears fild from mine eyes,
And for my light in this obfcure Glade,
The flame my ftrife, which from my heart arife,
And at my gates,



When I follow her she flies me,
Swifly running
With more cunning
Then the Hare or Bird that spies me,
Still eluding
My complaining,
And to hear my griefs denies me.

Say alone, must it be to then?
Shall the glory ~~in my~~ glory,
In my glory,
And I unrevenged go then?
Prishee Cupid
Be not stupid,
Read in my defence thy Bow then.

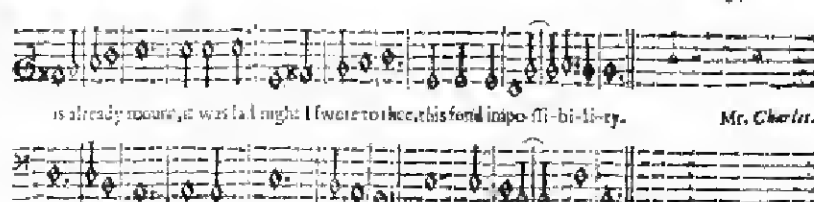
Mr. Rich. Laurence.



Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it now divine;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
I'll not be wrapt up in these arms of thine.

Mr. Rich. Laurence.

How shew it if thou be a woman right,
Sweet, and kisse, and love me in despite.

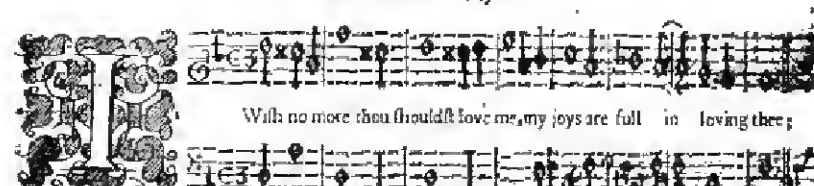


Mr. Charles.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve houres space,
I should all other Beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Should I still dote upon thy face.

Not that all Joys in thy browne hairs
By others may be found:
But I will search the black, the faire,
Like skillfull Mineralists that found
For treasures in unplow'd ground.

Then if when I have lov'd thee sound,
Thou prove the pleasure there,
In (poyle of meane Beauties) crowd'd,
Haden will return to thee,
Evn fated with variety.



Mr. William.

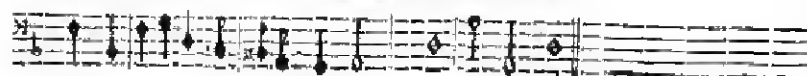
The scorn may wound me, but my face
Leads me to love, and then to hate;
Yet I must love while I have breath,
For not to love were worse then death.

Such mercy move thy frowne shall cease,
Then cruel his eye yield thee praise;
He shall be courted who to die,
No murther, but a sacrifice.

Then shall I live for scorn or grace,
A living Hell, where death shall cease;
Such one of these I needs must try,
Love me hard now, and let me die.



findst that I do prove as kinde, as kinde may be, love faine in thee.

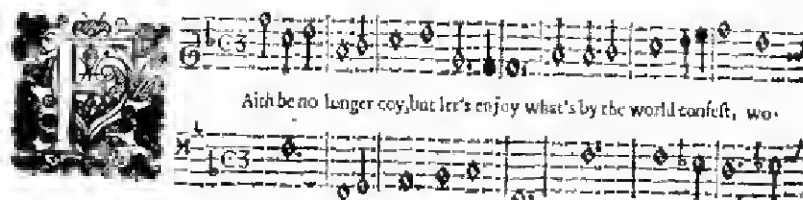


What way so fit the Mercy of thy ill heart mind,
Nde thinks it were good policy for me to turne unkind,
to make thee kinde.

Nor will I yet good name fling to buy as false great credit,
the which before I did obtaine, I make account almost
my labour to get.

And though I might my selfe excuse with unkinning thee,
Yet will I see example else that may bewray in mee
lightning to thee.

But since I see thee once my heart my conscience shall show,
That though thou play the wondrous part & from a friend turne foe,
men do not see.



men love best: thy beauty fresh as May, will soon decay, besides with in a yeare or two I shall be old



Mr. William Lawes.



and cannot doe

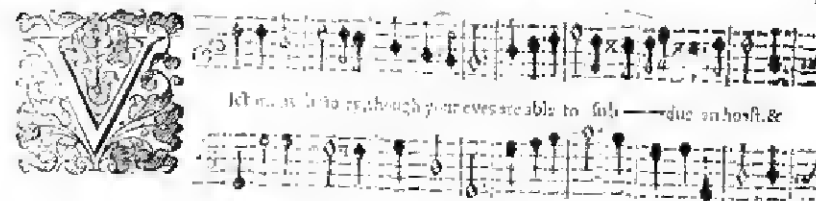


Do't think that nature can
For every man,
Had the more skill, provide
So faire a Bride:

Who ever had a Feast
For a single Guest?
No, without she did intend
To serve the husband and his friend.

To be a little nice
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their servants loves,

But on the ripper yeares
It ill appears:
After a while you'll find this true,
I need provoking more then you.



therefore are — like to be still the same, of a little price, don't a single heart dispise.



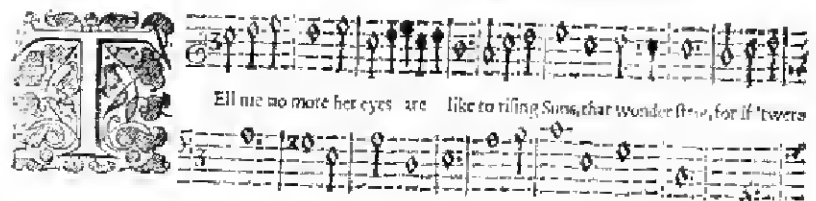
I come alone, but yet to stand
With former love, I don't have favour
That as that privy cost was wanting,
With characters of beauty charm'd,
Therby I might have kept unarm'd.

The Conquest in regard of me,
Alas is small, but in respect
Of her that did my Love protect,
Wherein I might have beene
Recorded for a victorie.

Mr. William Lawes.

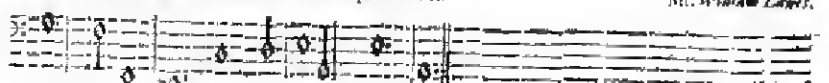
But neither Steele, nor stony healle
Are proofes against such looks of thine,
Nor can a Beauty lesse divine,
By any leaze be long possist,
Where you intend an interdict.

And such a one, as chance to view
Her lovely face, perhaps may say,
Though you have stole my heart away;
Will your servants prove more true,
May steal a heart or two from you.



so, how could it be, they could be thus eclips'd to me?

Mr. William Lawes.



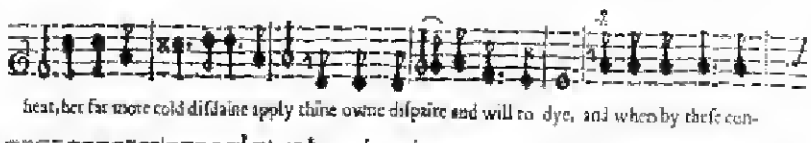
Tell me no more her beauty doth upon
Like rising Sunne melting away,
For I would know, how could they be
So near the shadow line of her eye?
Tell me no more the softest pleasures
Can part to her sweetest sight and eyes;
For if I were to know the cold death
Dwell with such delights, I might break it.

Nor let her eyes Possess me
Of my own eyes blazing fire,
She would I felt from thus far
Some heat to the south my desire.
Say that her brightness cold as snow,
Are hard as Steele, when I would,
She does would force me to love,
With light intended, from her eyes.

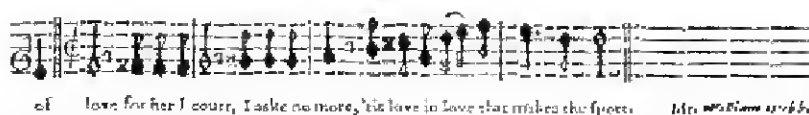
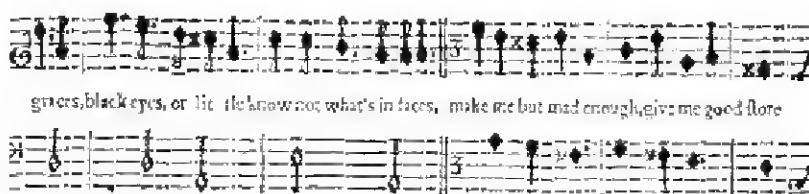
Say that although like rising Moone,
She is as bright as day,
For the world's content once service,
I must to pry, or distance.

That to be one of those bright
Be a privilege, as another's sight;
For in myselfe, as it were to kill,
Whose life doth but invade the light.

C



Mr. William Webb.



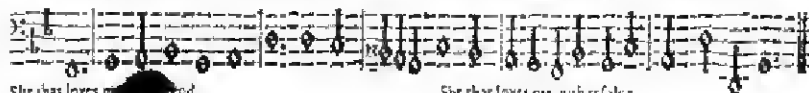
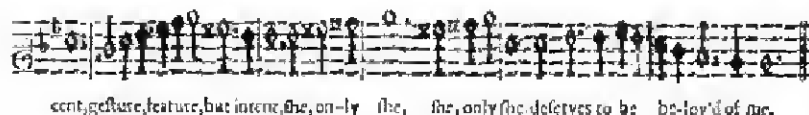
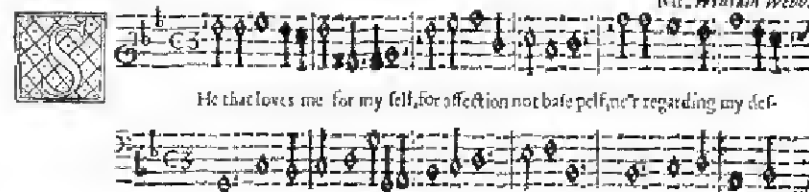
Mr. William Webb.



There's no like thing as that, we Brandy call
It is most enraging still;
For though some long ago
I've certain colours mingled to and fro,
That doth not use now from staining new,
It is a fiery cake
Two black and white,
That may doth it Brandy make.

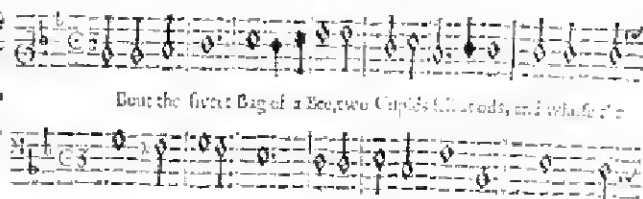
'Tis not the wine, but the spirit
Makes enraging still;
And if I like one still
More than another, that is the cause;
What in my Wench, may not be feared,
Be so she might, and not
We can be bound,
No more by what we do or seek.

Mr. William Webb.



She that loves me, with a false
But because I am so fond;
Never doubting my desire,
But believ'd it for her;
She, only she, deserves to be be-lov'd of me.

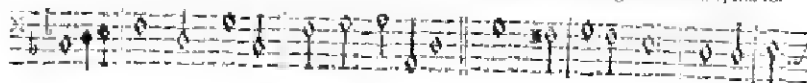
She that loves me, with a false
Not to alter till I die;
Slighting all things, that seem false
May hereafter learn to hear
She, only she, deserves to be be-lov'd of me.



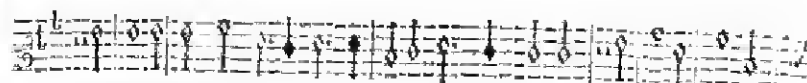
Bout the sweet Bag of a Bee, two Cupids kill each other, and what's for



prize prize should be, they vow'd to ask the Gods which *Love* hearing, whether came, and for



their holden's snapt them, and raising thence from each his flame, with rods of mirtle whipt them.

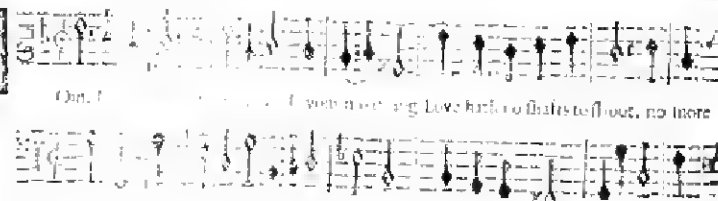
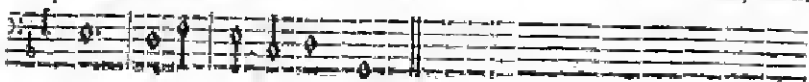


which done to still their wanton cries, & quiet grown sh'ld from them, the kiss and dry'd their

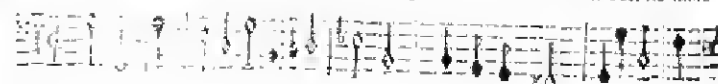


dove-like eyes, and gave the bag between them.

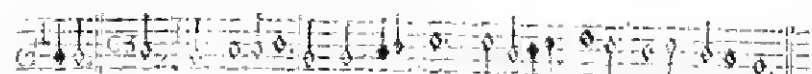
Mr. Henry Lawes.



Can I ... Love hath so fast to shoot, no more



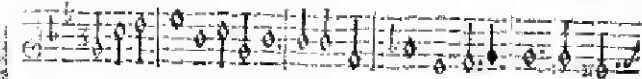
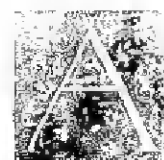
brands burning! He ... for as my soul has comprised all his



Q. u. e. r. e. Had ... a thousand servants to kill one.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

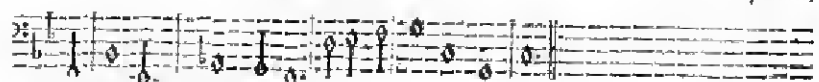


Lover once I did spy, with bleeding heart & weeping eye, he wept



and cry'd how great's his pain, that lives in love, & loves in vain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Can there (say's he) no Cure be found,
But by the hand that gave the wound?
Then let me dye, which I'll endure,
Since she wants Charity to cure.

Yet let her one day feel the pain,
To wish she had cur'd and wish in vain;
For wither'd cheeks may chance to cover
Some sparks of love, but not a Lover.

Beauty and Love once fell at odds, and thus revild each other. Quoth Love,

I am one of the Gods, and you wait on my mother, thou hast no pow'r o're man at all, but what I

give to thee; nor art thou longer faire, or sweet, then thou acknowledge me.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Away find thy, then Beauty find,
We see that thou art blind,
But canst have knowing eyes, and can
My grace I cannot find:
'Twas I began thee, Beauty's know,
And e' I'd thee blind de-fire:
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,
And wings to kindle fire,

Love here in an' or flow away,
And straight to Vulcan pray'd
That he would tip his thimble with Love,
To punish this proud Mayd:
So Beauty ever since hath bin
But courted for an hour,
To love a day is now a life,
'Gauld Cupid and his power.

Bid me but live, and I will live, thy Vo-ta ry to be, or bid me

love, and I will give a loving heart to thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

A heart as false, a heart as kind, a heart as fountaine free
As in the world thou canst not find, this heart I'll give to thee,
Bid that heart, say, and it shall say, and honour thy desire,
For bid it Jaquelin quite away, and it will do't for thee

Bid me to weep, and I will weep, while I have eyes to see,
On lasting none, yet I will keep a heart as ready for thee.
Thou art my love, my life, my heart, the very eye of mine,
And bid command of every part, to love and dye for thee.

By all thy Glories willingly I go, yet could have win'd thee constant

in thy love, but since thou needs must prove uncertain as is thy beauty, or as the glass that flows it

thee, my hopes thus loone to o-verthrow, shows thee more feckle; but my flames by this are easier

quencht then his, when fluttering smiles betray, 'tis tyrannous delay breeds all the harme, and makes

Till time destroy those blossomes of thy youth,
Thou art our Idoll worship, at that rate,
But who can tell thy fate?
And say that when this Beauties done,
This Lovers Torch shall still burn on;
I could have serv'd thee with such truth
Devoitest Pilgrims to their Saints do show,
Departed long ago;
And at this ebbing tyde,
Have us'd thee as a Bride
Who's sorry true
Whilst you are fair, he loves himself, not you!

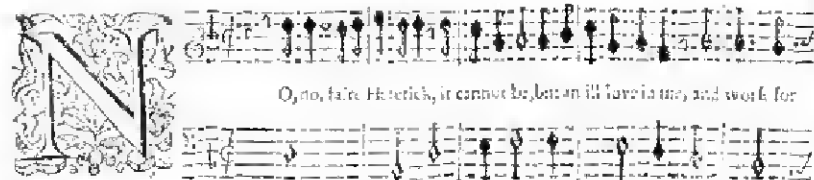
Mr. Henry Lawes.

that fire consume, which should but warme.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

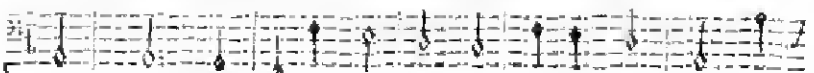
Mr. Henry Lawes.



O, no, false Hysterick, it cannot be, but an ill love is this, and worth for



this; for were it in my power to love thee now this hour more than I did the last, 'twould thin



to fall, I might not love at all: Love that can flow and can admit increase, admits as well an

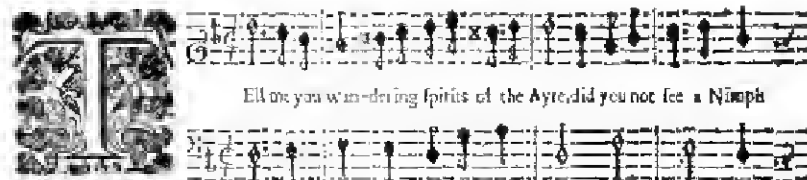


ch, and may grow less.

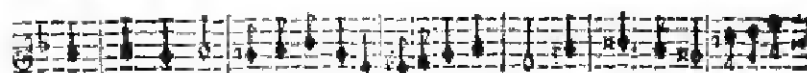
Mr. Henry Lawes.



True love is still the same
The Torrid Zones,
And those more frigid ones
It must not know:
For love grown cold, or hot
Is lust and friendship, not
The thing we have, for that's a flame would dye,
Held down, or up too high;
Then think I love, more than I can express,
And would know more, could I but love thee less;



Ell me you wan-dring spirits of the Ayre, did you not see a Nymph



more bright, more faire than beauties darling or of parts more sweet then soine content? If such a

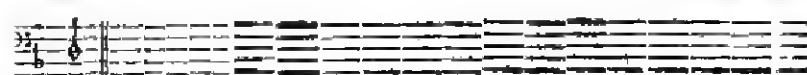


one you met wait on her hourly where so e're she lies, and cry, and cry, *Amistat* for her absence



dies.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



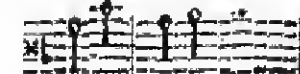
Go search the Vallies, pluck up every Rose,
You'll find a scent, a bluss of her in those:
Fish, fish, for Pearle, or Corall, there you'll see
How orientall all her colours bee:

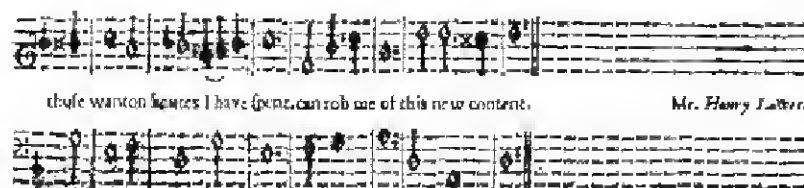
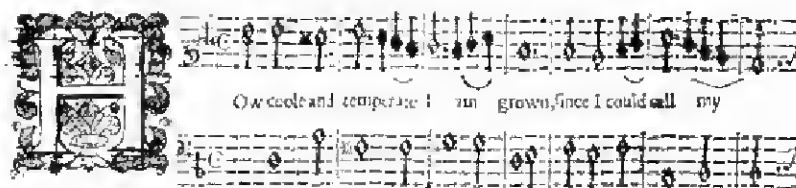
Go call the Echoes to your ayde, and cry,
Gloria, Gloria, for that's her name for whom I dy.

But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,
Were she on earth, she had been with me still:
Go fly to Heaven, examine every Spherie,
And try what Star hath lately lighted there;
If any brighter then the Sun you see,
* Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is shee.



Gloria Gloria
Fall downe, fall downe, &c.

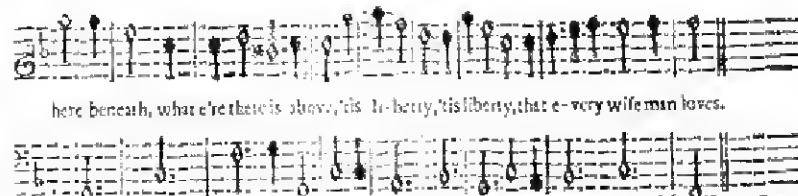
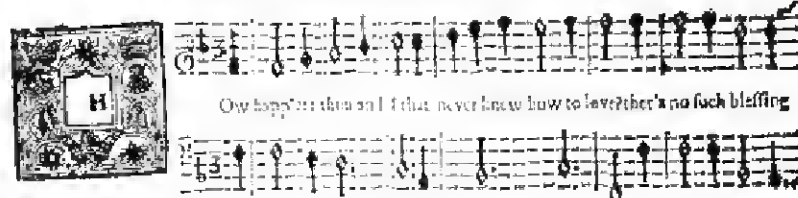




Mr. Henry Lawes.

Loves smile are faded from my sight,
Which flattered me with new delight,
And now I see 'tis but a face
That stole my heart out of its place:
Then Love forgive me, I'll no more
Thine Altar or thy Shrine adore.

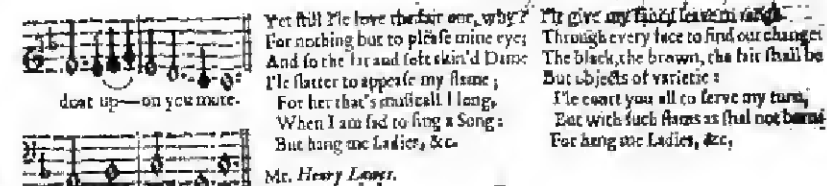
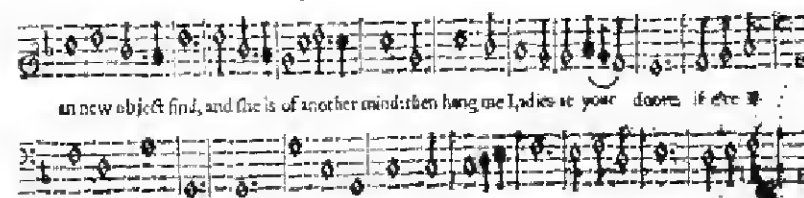
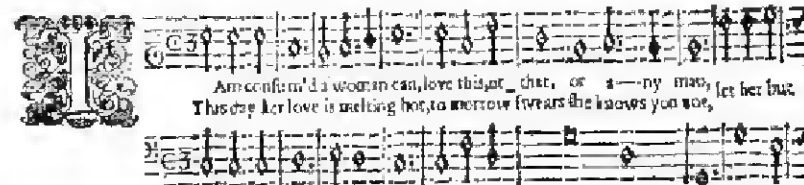
Farewell to all heart-breaking eyes,
Farewell each look that can surprise,
Farewell those Candles and amorous spels,
Farewell each place where Cupid dwells;
And farewell each bewitching smile,
I must enjoy my life a while.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

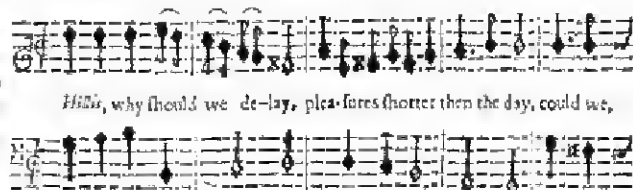
Ow, not upon those eyes, that think to murder me,
And he's an Ass believes her Liar, that is not kind and free:
'Tis nothing sweet, 'tis nothing sweet, to man, but Liberty.

I'll tie my heart to none, nor yet confine mine eyes,
But I will play my game so well, I'll never want a prize:
'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty, he's made me now thus wise.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

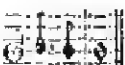
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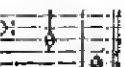
Philis, why should we de-lay, pleasures shorter then the day, could we,



which we never can stretch our lives beyond three span, beauty like a shadow flies, and our youth be-



Philis replies.



Or would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love ha's wings, and will away;
Love ha's swifter wings then Time,
Change in love too oft do's chime;
Gods that never change their state,
Very oft their love and hate.

Philis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us now;
Let not you and I require
What ha's been our past desire;
On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.

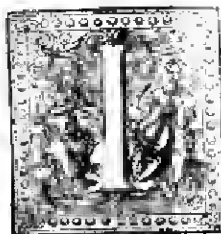


Leave it to the Planets two, what we shall here-after doe, for the joy we now

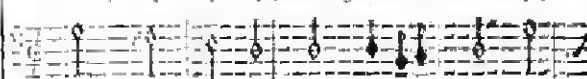


may prove, take ad-viſe of present love.

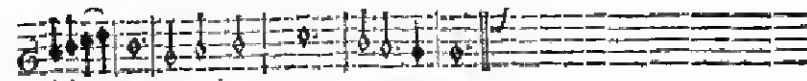
Mr. Henry Lawes.



Fare you the quick spirit of your eye, now languish and a—men must dye,



if every finger and every grace must flye from that for-sa-ken face. Then *Celis* let us resp



our joyes, ere time such good—ly fruit destroyes.

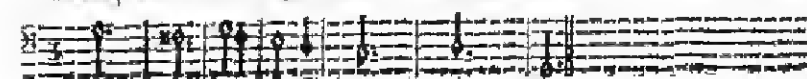


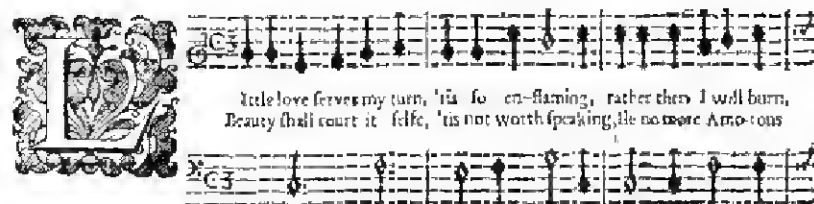
Or if that Golden Fleece must grow, for ever free from aged Snow,
If these bright Suns must know no Shade, nor your fresh Beauty ever fade;
Then *Celis* feare not to beflow,
What still being gather'd, still must grow.



Thus either time his fickle brings in raine, or else to vain his wings.

Mr. Henry Lawes.





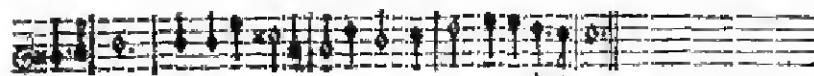
I will leave go—ning, for when I think upon't, O'tis so painfully, cause Ladies have a
pangs, so more heart-breaking; those that ne'r felt the smart, let them go try it, I have redeem'd my



think, to be delectable. No more, no more, I must give o're, for beauty is so sweet, it makes me
heart now I de-fist.

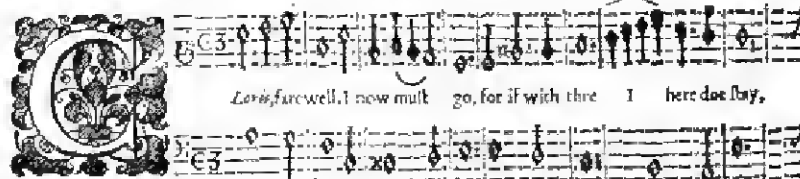
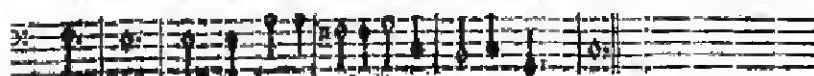


pink, distracts my mind, & fustle when I see't. Forgive me love if I remove in—to some o-



ther speare, where I may keep a flock of sheep, & know no o-ther care.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



thine eyes prevail up—on me so, I shal grow blind and lose my way.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

Faint of thy Beauty, and thy Youth
Among the rest me selves brought,
Finding this same full throat of truth,
Made me stay let get them I thought.

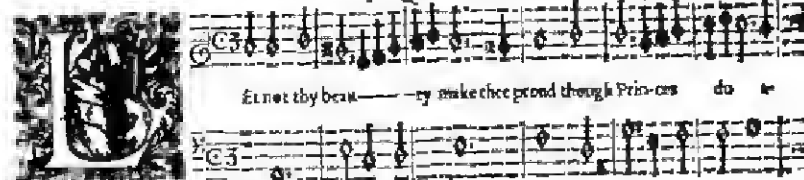
Yet I'm engag'd by word and oath
A lew to another will;
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.

But what affiance can I take,
When thou dost know this truth;
For some more worthy Lovers sake,
May I leave one with to just excuse.

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy fault
That thou dost thus unconscionably;
Thou wast by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No Chorus, I will return,
And take thy story to the heart;
Thou stronger shall be distance burn,
And the art thou me to prove.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And go with me, then I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.



dote thee, since time and sickness were slow'd to mow, fresh flowers before thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



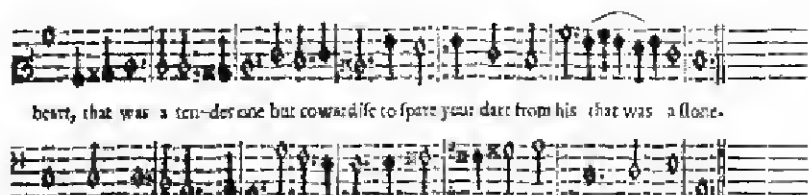
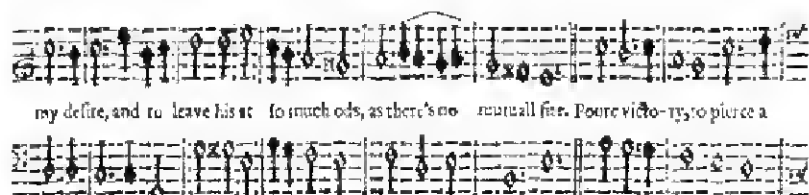
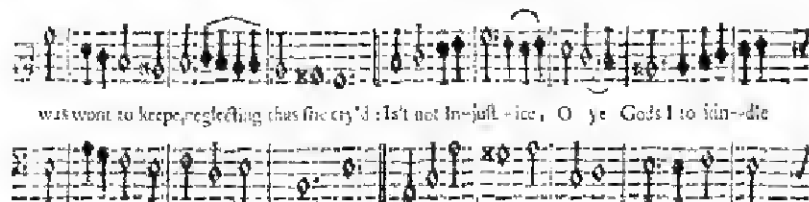
Not be not thy in shade degree,
Thy friends may hardly know thee,
Not yet to coming or to free,
That every fly may blow thee.

A Rose in every Princely brow,
As decent is requir'd
Much more in thine, to whom they bow
By Beauties high things fir'd.

And yet a Rose so sweetly make
With an excessive mildness;
It may like Venus sit betweene
The extremes of pride and civill.

Then every eye that sees thy face
Will to thy Beauty glory,
And every tongue that wags will praise
Thy sweet with a story.

F 2



Declar Wilson,

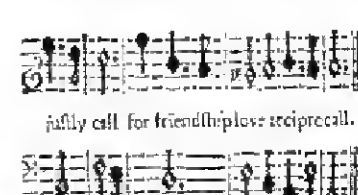
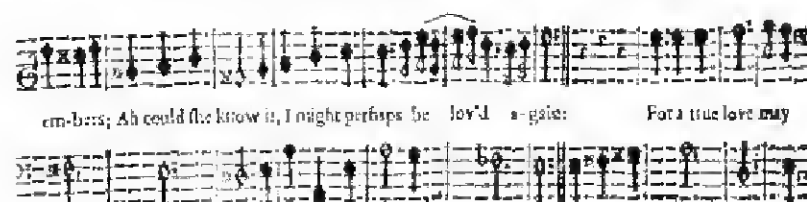
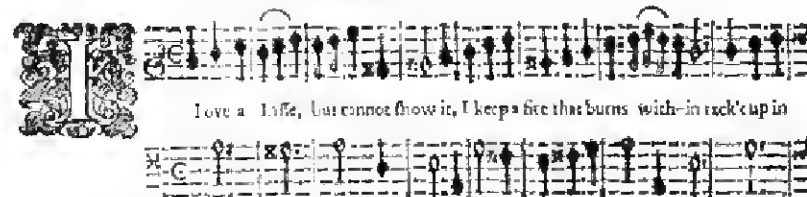
*As she thus mourn'd, the tears that fell
Down from her love-sick eyes,
Did in the water drop and swell,
And into bubbles rise.*

*Wherein her blousard face appears,
Now out alas, sayd she,
How do I melt away in tears
For him that loves not me.*

*Yet as I lessen multiply.
But in little form appears,
Thus do I languish from mine,
And grow new in my tears.*

*Break not that Christall, circles me
Sweet streams by your fair side,
My Love perhaps may walking be,
And I may be espy'd.*

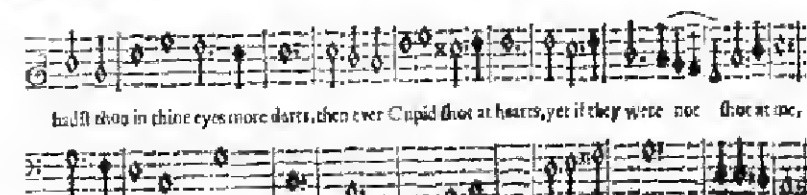
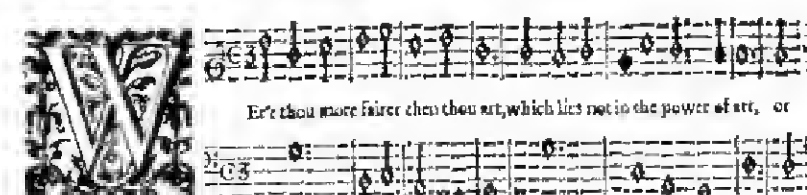
*And thus in little drawn and dress
In sad tears arise,
May force such passions from his breast,
Shall equall my desire.*



*Some gentle courteous wind bestir me,
A sigh by whispering in his eares,
Or let some pious Rower convey me,
By dropping on his breast a tear,
Or swim, or swimme, the handell bring,
By which drops receive a dore.*

*shall I then weep my heart and soul in,
That is ready too too weake I
He, nor they say, how my heart is
By writing what they cannot speak;
Go then my Muse, and let this Verse
Bring back my Lasse, and all my tears.*

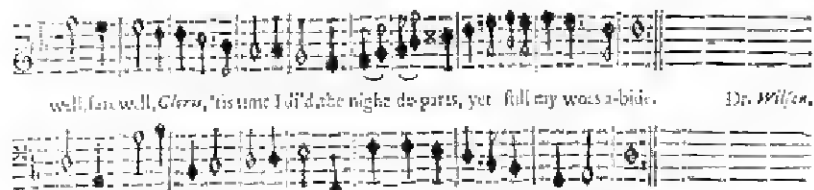
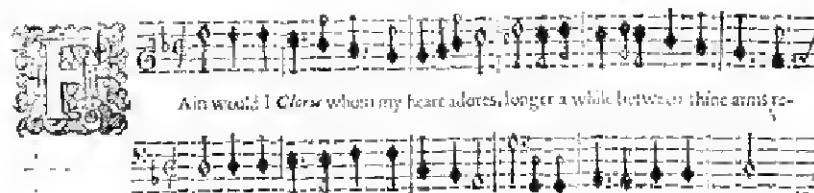
Dr. Wilson.



*It is a wonder many a Lasse,
Then eares the thing I cannot please;
But that would please my desire,
My heart my flow, I wish myself that I
When please you to come and kiss,
To him that doubts the heart's true love.*

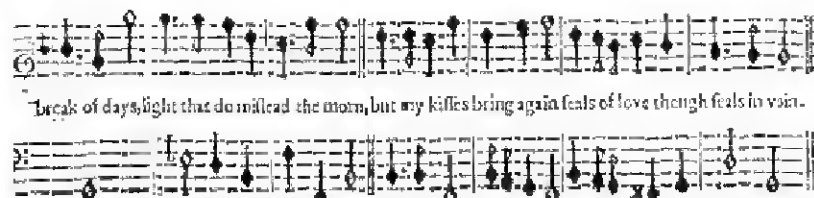
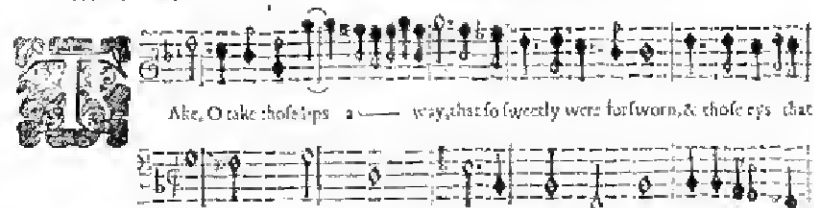
*I love thee and hope thou art a Lasse,
To see thee down, in other than my eye;
Not for the Cupid's sake,
To see thee down, in other than my eye;
Would you then know what it might be,
'Tis I love you, and you love me.*

G 2



Flower-sweet, Goodnight! Call not the Morn,
See us thus, we have needs time
Our eyes are weary, where's the morn
Shine, thou art a night of higher Taperance,
Farewell, friendly &c.

My heart, while I take night do-parts
Wonders and so Lowers, then the morn
Wherefore, O while I take night do-parts
And ever with thee all my joyes away I
Farewell, friendly &c.



Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow
That thy frozen Blossome beares;
On whose tops the Pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April weares;
But first let my poore heart free,
Round in those icy Chaines by thee.

Dr. Wilson.



Mr. John Taylor.

Rouse thy dull and drowie spirits,
Here's the fount reviving streams,
The stupid Lovers brain inherits
Nought but vain and empty dreams.

'Tis like not then these dismall trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that laughs, sings and dances,
Shall come soonest to his end.

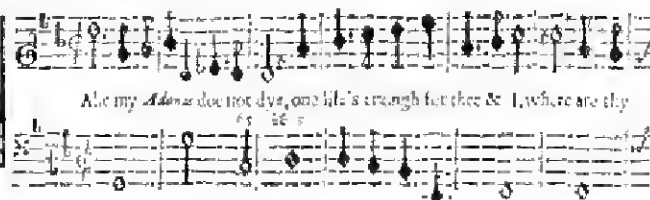
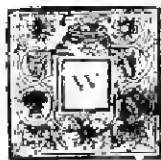
Chc. Sadness may tame pity move,
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,
Mirth and courage conquers love.

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,
Open thou vainly crossed armes;
Thou mayst as well call back the buried
As raise love by such like charmes.

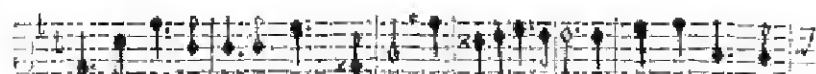
Sacrifice a glass of Claret
To each letter of her name;
Gods have oft descended for it,
Mortals must do more the same.

If she comes not at that flood,
Sleep will come, sleep will come;
Sleep will come, and that's as good.

H



Alas my *Adonis* doe not dye, one life's enough for thee & I, where are thy



looks, thy wiles, thy fears, thy frowns, thy smiles, a—las in vain I call, one death hath grate her



all, yet death's not deadly in that face, death in those looks it felt but grace, 'twas this, 'twas this, I



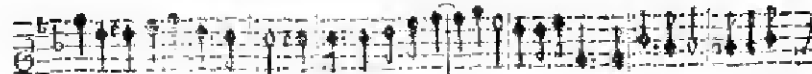
fear'd, when thy pale Ghost appear'd, this I preferr'd, when thou ——— do sing *fare*



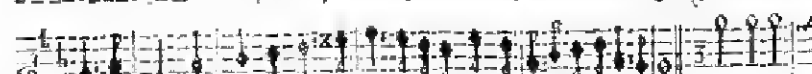
core the best Mistle in my Grove, when my sick rose buds tell their story, & from my temples untoucht



fell, and 'twas for some such thing, my Dove first hang her wing, Whither art thou my *Deity* gone?



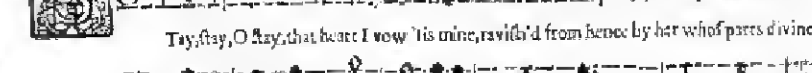
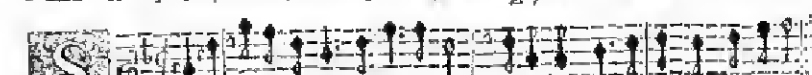
Venus in *Tears* there is none: in vain a *God* I now am I, only to grieve & not to dye, but I will



love my griefs, make tears my tears re- fe, & for now shall to me a new *Adonis* be: And this the



faces shal' rob me of whil' I a Goddess am to grieve, and not to dye. D. Colman.



Try, stay, O stay, that heart I vow 'tis mine, ravi'd from hence by her whose parts divine,



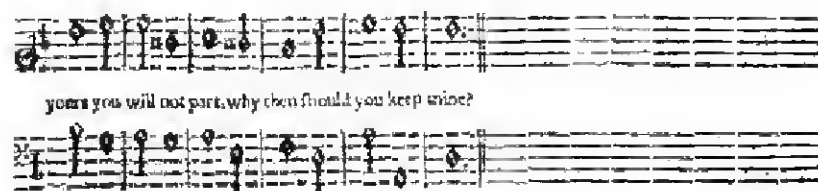
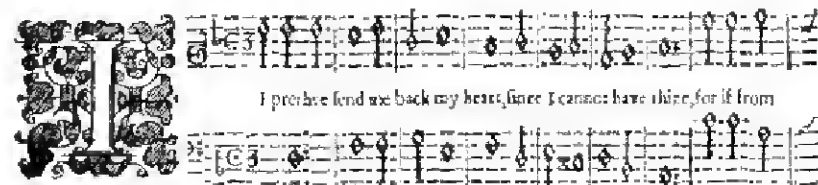
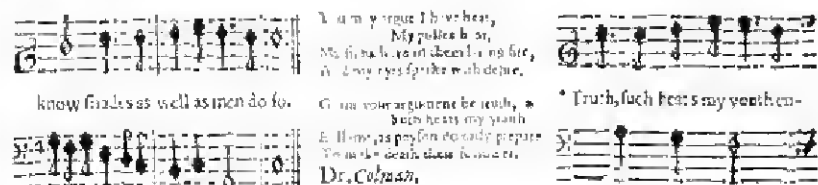
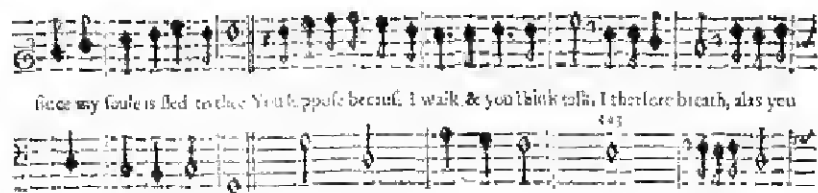
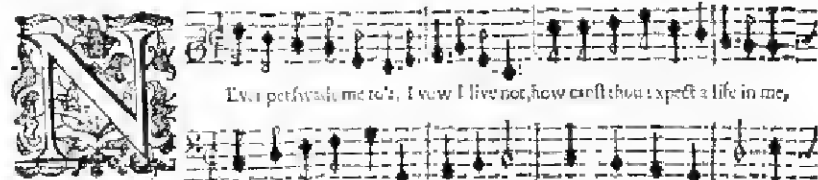
words cannot fully speak, now seeks her core, whose an- ly No, sent from her lips must part.



makes it thus range from me, woe me that No, last me that heart, and fills its place with wo.



O hold it fast, I pray, yet see thy
I cannot move, in my back thou dye
Perhaps thy may return, and with me
Give me a second life, as life one billie
If now, I part thy heart, I've pleas'd my eyes
Since thou art lost, see how I have lost thee

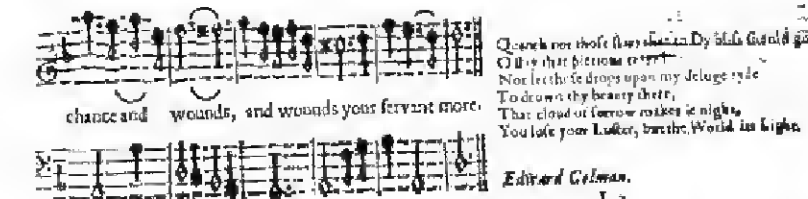
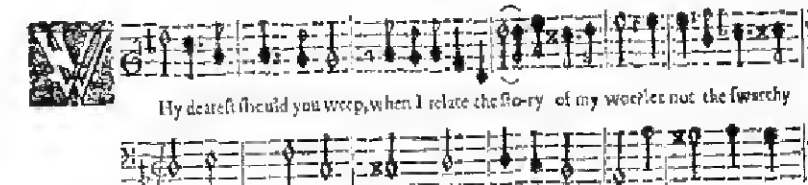
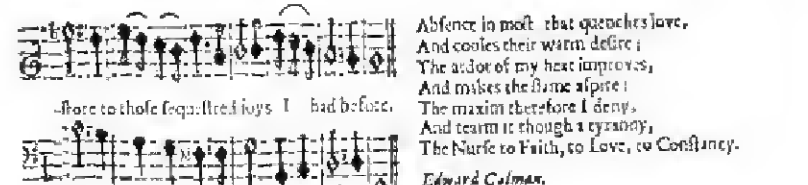
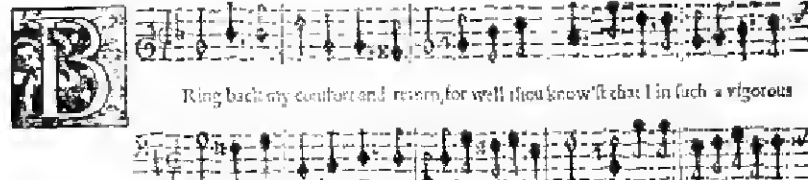


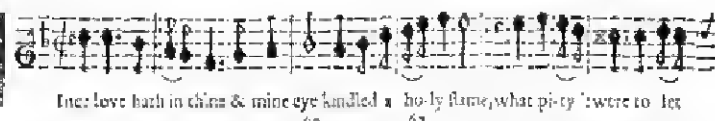
Yet now I think on't let it lye
To send it me were vaine,
For th'last a thide in either eye
Will steale it back againe.

Why should two hearts in one breast ly,
And yet not lodge together?
O Love I where is thy sympathy,
If thus our hearts thus sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot finde it out,
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am most in doubt.

Then fare well care, and fare well woe,
I will no longer pine,
But I believe I have her heart,
As much as she hath mine.

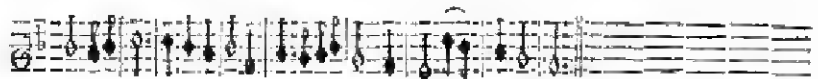
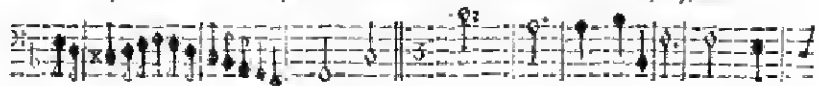




Iner love hath in thine & mine eye kindled a ho-ly flame, what pi-ty 'twere to let

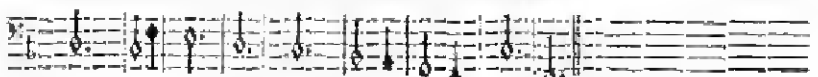


it dye, what fits to quench the flame. The stars that seem ex-tinct by day, disclose their



flames at night, & tis a fable fence to wey their loves in beams of light.

Dr. Willm.



As when a jealous eye a dart
As that our Gallies
As long as you a joy, my self can less
Of being proud in pride.

What though our bods cannot meet
Loves lewds move a dore
The fire that by these twinkling eyes
And yet they dwell joyous

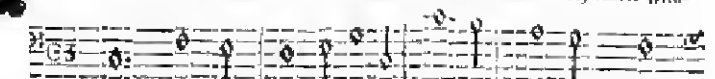
Let's Measurs that do change their place,
They gather Round for no high place,
Yet when that comes to our hearts
Falls down and lets them light.

It is not present this flame decays,
Cares by by those eyes at mine,
And when I little more will away
The sake now I set on thy eye.

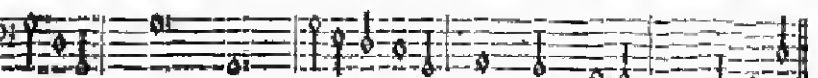
Thus while we dwell professes from our
The flame of love decays,
No need for I am in more haste,
Quem in more haste I see.



Can love for an houre when I'm at leisure, be that loves halfe a day foales with-



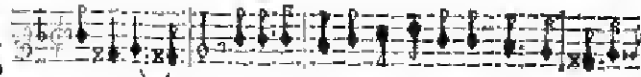
out measure: Cupid then tell me what art had thy mother, to make men love one face more then an other?



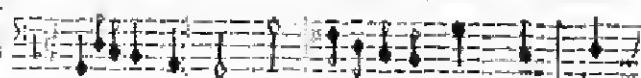
Some to be thought more wise daily indeavour
To make the World believe they can love ever:
Ladies believe them not, they'll but deceive you,
For when they have their ends, then they will leave you.

Men cannot see them selves on your sweet features,
They'll have a wiser of loving Creatures:
Too much of any thing lets them a coolier,
I though they can never do't, yet they'll be fooling.

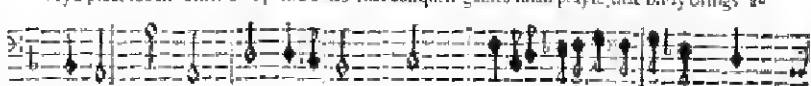
W. Lawes



O more blind Boy, for see my heart is made thy quaver, where remains no



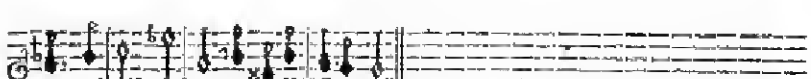
void place has an other dart, and a-las that conquest gainses small praye, that on ly brings a-



way a tunc and an-reviling pray: behold a noble Fox all stur'd, desires thy weak Ar-mil-le-ry.



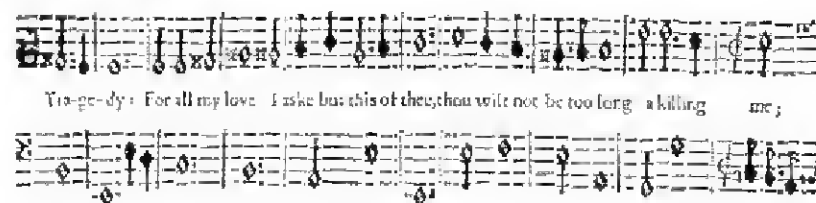
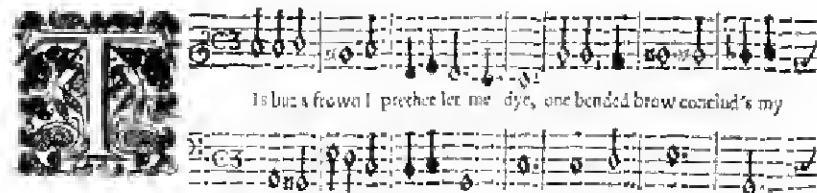
that hath thy bow and quiver charm'd, a Rebel Beauty conqu'ring thee, if thou dar'st e-quall



combate try, wound her, for tis for her I dye.

Mr. Jeremy Savil.





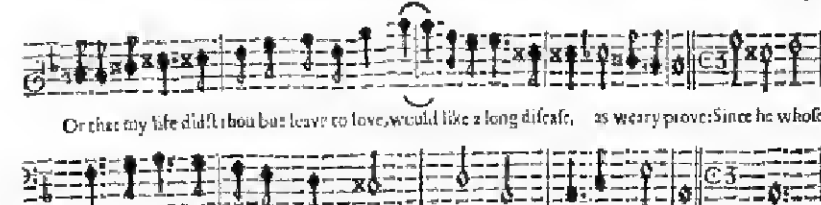
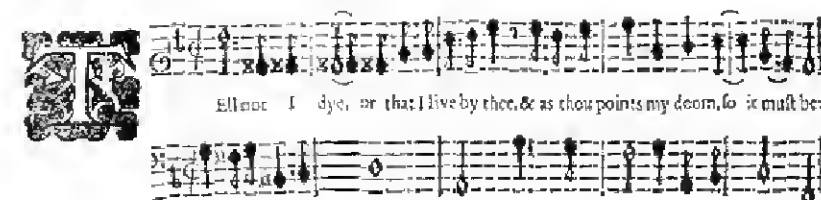
Mr. Jeremy Savill.



I wish we were upon thine eyes,
Not various with thy face;
Let thine eyes be mine by all means;
My heart is made to love;
Not with a false smiling tongue to play,
Or fool me with thy eyes.

Since then my weary heart is free,
And I am not in love;
If thou wouldst mine thy captiv'ed heart,
Thou wilt thine own selfe;
And I am not in love;
Thou wilt thine own selfe.

Mr. Jeremy Savill.



Mr. Tho. Browne.

Thou vainly see a man in love's blind
On the full face of a woman's smile,
And most usually to catch his eye,
When he sees and knows green jealousy
Since women's faces with such frowns change,
To love for foolish to catch face that's strange.

He that hath wealth, and can that wealth forgoe,
Is like one who, not love in any way,
You would with reason say, I am free,
Or that I am not in love;
Yet know I love, though I have seen the face,
Which knows how to love, knows how to face.

I know the humour of your Sex is such,
You ne'r could value any one thing much,
For should by love with coal and fowls be fed,
I care more than I expected, although I had;
Then think me not to love, although I love,
But as thou shalt see, to me shall move.

Victoria victoria uideri il mio core non Lagrimar piu non Lagri-
 mar piu e' scelta d'amore la feruita — tu victoria victoria il mio core non Lagrimar piu e
 feruita — da — mo — re la feruita e' scel — tu
 d'amore la feruita — gia L'empio tuo danni fra stulti di guardi Con — te — ri Bagiar — di di
 po — re gli inganne le forde gl'affanna non hanno piu luo — co del Crudo su — o fo
 re — do — re.

FINIS.



The Second Booke,

Containing

PASTORALL DIALOGUES

For two Voyces to sing to an Instrument.

Herther keep my sheep for me: Clovella, wilt thou, tell? First let me have a kiss of
 thee and I — will keepe them well. If thou a while but to my little flock will look, thou shalt
 have this embroidered skip & silver hook. Not the favour or reward I crave, but one poor kisse.
 A kisse thou must not have. And why? Such incitements Maids must flye this Garland thou shalt
 have of Roses and of Lil-lies. Nor skip, nor hook, nor Garland sweetest *Thibbe*, doe

A 2